# Christine: A Witch's Tale

## A Novelette

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. . . . . The first installment of the Christine Chronicles . . . . .

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# Chapters and Contents

1. Early days: 3
2. Things get interesting: 7
3. Welcome to Witch-Haven!: 10
4. The Hard Part: 13
5. The Mission: 17
6. Meet the Mayor: 22
7. Teaching A Rookie: 26
8. Too Late To Nap: 30
9. The Big Escape: 33
10. Some Help: 36
11. Devilish Revenge: 40
12. Highway to Demon: 43
13. Desperate Times Call for Shiny, Crucifixes: 48
14. In The End: 54
15. Epilogue: 57

Short Facts for Benjamin Giraud's First Story: 60
About The Author: 62

Synopsis: Christine is just an ordinary girl who's bored out of her life after she moves away from her home to go to a college in New Jersey. That is, until she is whisked away to the world of Witch-haven, a world filled with magic, monsters, and scaredy goblins. There, she trains really hard to become a witch. Her first mission? To stop a reckless mayor (Dr. Kaboom, newbie villain) from distorting a city named Ninimus. And when Christine has to go with a really goofy guy dressed like a pencil (Mr. Pencil) and has never graduated from his own bf training, it's going to be a long journey.

For Evan Shenberger

# Chapter 1

## Early Days

This is Christine Wits.

And she was a youngster (age 18). A kid with black, down-on-the-sides hair, regular, bland brown eyes, and a purple dress that looked like a uniform. It was clear she was ordinary, just like other kids. But if you looked closer, you would notice she wasn't exactly normal. She was also a smart young girl with many talents. She knew how to cook rice and beans without burning them, clean the entire bathroom until it sparkled, and read long, insipid, and boring books without falling asleep halfway through. Well, maybe not that ordinary, but you know what I mean. She was a good girl—and still is.

The Wits lived in a small house in Wichita, Kansas, in 1999. It wasn't much, but it was home. Summers there were scorching, the kind of heat that made people stay indoors, but it was still the best place to go outside. Christine liked the pool down the street, the sound of bees buzzing in the trees, and the way the grass smelled like shampoo.

However, her parents thought Christine was a little weird. Not in a bad way, though.

For example, one time in 8th grade, she had a science project where you had to write a ten-page report on the solar system and how it was formed. Well, she did that, but her's was twenty pages long, and almost nine of those pages were just a long summary about the "meaning of life." Pretty deep. Her teacher wasn't sure whether to give her an A or recommend her to go to mental therapy.

Her parents were not like that when they were young. They never volunteered to do chores, and they certainly didn't write extra-long essays for fun. But they were proud of her anyway. They loved her, even if they didn't always understand her, so they never really said anything about it.

What they worried about most wasn't her grades or her quirks. It was that she didn't spend much time with them. Her dad especially tried to get her attention, but Christine always had the same excuse: she was "too busy with homework." But I'm pretty sure it's just an excuse to use their boring, slow computer to look things up.

Christine never took good care of her dog, Barry, a blue pitbull with white spots, either. Her parents mostly did everything, like cleaning and feeding Barry. It seemed she didn't care about him. Probably because it was his fault her copy of "Magic Tree House Dinosaurs Before Dark" was ripped to pieces.

Years later though, they all didn't have to worry about her behavior anymore. Christine was about to graduate from high school that same year in 1999, and move on with her life.

And since she had the best grades in school, she got accepted to Princeton University.

As Christine was packing her things, her dad came into her room and asked if she needed anything before she left. But she said the same thing she always said whenever he offered help.

“I really don’t want your help, Dad. I can do this all on my own,” she told him.

I should have mentioned that Christine was an independent young woman. Because of that, she was always annoyed when her parents tried to help her with everything.

Later, Christine entered the living room and told her parents, while slightly waving her arms around:

“I’m older now, so you don’t need to worry. You don’t have to call me every two hours when I’m at college. I have everything under control. Understand?”

Her parents were surprised at how confident and serious she was about leaving her parents' house, but they gave her the OK sign anyway.

So she showered, brushed her teeth and hair, put on clothes, packed her pencils and her other complicated school materials, ate breakfast, got ready, and said one last goodbye before she set off on her grown-up journey. Even her dog was sad and whimpered as she stepped out the door.

After traveling across the United States, she arrived in New Jersey. There, at Princeton college, she spent hours studying for exams, playing with her friends, and pulling practical jokes sometimes.

It was pretty fun for a while, but during her first year of college, she started to feel pretty bored. Why? Well, she had always loved being at home, where every day felt like an adventure. There were always things going on around the house, always something to do. Not that there weren't things to do at college, but it never really hit the same.

# Chapter 2

## Things get Interesting

College was nothing special. Christine passed her tests just like always, and college was just as bland as she had thought on the first day. However, near the end of the year, something odd happened.

While the first year of college was ending, there was a big end-of-year party for people who passed their finals, as there usually was. Even though Christine did pass her final, she just laid down in bed and skipped it. Even though she never said, or showed it, Christine felt so bored that she felt a bit dead inside.

I guess someone must have heard her thoughts because an uncanny creature was riding a broomstick to her dorm. The unusual figure came crashing through the window and entered the room.

***Crash!!!***

"Holy Guacamole!!!" Christine said, knocking in a loop.

"Hello," said the creature who resembled a weird green monster.

"AHH!" screamed Christine. "Who are you?"

"I am a representative of the official magic company of Witch-Haven," said the creature.

Christine's expression was very dull.

"Now," said the figure, "It's normal to feel very shocked by this. It's not every day you see someone on a flying broomstick."

"I'm not surprised."

"Really?"

"Yeah," Christine said, not surprised.

"Umm... well..." said the monster, taking out a piece of paper. He read out loud: "You've been selected to be a part of our society. You will be trained to fight demons, warlocks, and stuff like that."

"What?" shouted Christine, "That's impossible."

"I can show you, if you want," the figure stated.

"Oh hmm..." Christine started to think hard. "Well, I really shouldn't leave my life behind just to go with you. But I'm bored out of my mind, so..."

She agreed to go, as long as no one knew about where she was going.

"Don't worry about that, OK?" the monster assured.

So, Christine got out of bed, hopped onto the broomstick, and flew out the window and into the sky.

"I should have mentioned that I'm kind of afraid of heights!" yelled Christine.

"Don't be frightened," screamed the monster, "I've flown this baby for over one thousand years!!"

People who weren't at the party started to get woken up from the ruckus. Then people began noticing something flying in the air. And it wasn't an airplane. So they started yelling: "Hey, it's a UFO!" "They're gonna abduct us all!!" and "WE'RE DOOOOOOOMED!!!!"

The monster sighed. Then it used a special, complicated device that removes short-term memory. And soon, everyone was very confused about what they were surprised by. Either way, they were gone in a flash.

Christine, the monster, and the magical broomstick traveled outside the solar system recklessly, destroying some meteors and wooshing past space debris. Then, they soared to another solar system, minus the other planets: only one planet, its moon, and its sun. But still in the Milky Way Galaxy.

# Chapter 3

## Welcome to Witch-Haven!

After traveling several miles across the Milky Way galaxy, they arrived in the place the creature was talking about: Witch-Haven. Once they got to the Heatus region of the worlds most powerful continent (The United Nations of Witch-Haven), The monster explained that it's a place full of magic and wonder. It's a place where goblins and warts live together. Magic fills the air. The sky was mostly sunny and blue. The night was black on most nights, but sometimes it was purple due to reasons unknown. The ground was kind of flat and very grassy. It’s like Earth, but it has magic.

"It's wonderful." Christine was amazed.

However, there was something dark behind all of the fun in this place, because it was also a breeding ground for all sorts of evil. It stated that the citizens don't know that because they were able to keep it mostly a secret from the world. The monster told her that's why Christine was chosen.

"What!?" cried Christine, "That's crazy, you can't just make me a… a… General!"

"You don't have to, if you don’t want to," said the monster. "We can go back to your dorm if you want." She was going to

do just that, but she was bored back at college, so she decided to give it a try.

The monster told her that she should think twice about doing this, and how much work, and effort, and perseverance were required to become a witch or wizard, and how much toughness and struggle there would be throughout.

"Yes," Christine stated, "I don't need you to lecture me on this whole thing as all my teachers do."

"OK," the monster replied, "Just remember that I warned you."

“Well…, do you just want a short tour?” asked the monster.

“No!” Christine moaned angrily.

Soon, they flew all the way down to a building with white brick walls. It was a giant building. Bigger than the one at her school. It had 20 floors and a sign that read: “The Witch-Haven Training and Meeting Center” and a subtitle that read “Because saving the world is cool!” And a smaller subtitle that read “In the H.R.”. Quickly, they went inside and entered the lobby.

"Welcome to the Witch-Haven Training and Meeting Center Company!!" said a man at the front desk. "How can I help you?"

"We have a new brand recruit joining us for training," said the monster. Christine looked sluggishly at the man.

"Ooh... Great! When is she starting?"

"Umm... I guess right now?"

"What? Now?!" Christine was shook.

"Perfect!!" said the man, "I'll go get you ready." And just like that, her long years of training had begun.

# Chapter 4

## The Hard Part

At first, Christine was terrible at her training. She failed her first training session, in which you had to try to use your wand to move a plastic ball from a table.

She did that, or she thought she did. She levitated the teacher instead of the ball. As you can guess he wasn't happy.

"PUT ME DOWN! You were supposed to say Levitaus Floaty!"

Then she had to learn to fly a broomstick. This is the part she liked the most, but learning to fly was gonna be a lot longer than she thought. She went too high and burst through the roof.

"It's gonna cost us a FORTUNE to fix that hole!" The instructor yelled.

A specific group called "The Big Boys" bullied Christine after her first few training sessions.

"Hey!" said one of the bullies.

"Huh?" said Christine, grabbing her books.

"You're that kid who just got here, right?"

"Umm..."

"Well, you did a really, REALLY good job earlier." the other two kids told Christine loudly and sarcastically. They laughed hard.

And their mocking remained the same for the rest of her time there. Christine tried to ignore their jokes, but later she started to wonder if she should have joined this world. She thought of what the monster said before. She began to think whether she shouldn't have ever said yes to going into the force.

After those two training exercises, she got a dorm room to sleep in while she was training. Comfy.

Then, at nine on the dot, someone yelled on the intercom: "*GO TO* BED. *NOW*."

She didn't care about that because she was famished from all of this work.

But even sleep felt like a chore because they made everybody get up at six in the morning. And in her mind, sleep is the most important part of the day.

Well, at least the cafeteria food was okay. Until it wasn't when she splattered some eyeballs and slugs. It tasted and smelled just as bad as you think. Yuck.

Every night, Christine would slump into her dorm and into her bed, thinking about the day's training session of basic spells and broomstick handling (she had to use a mechanical broomstick, not a real one). She realized that living at the Witch-Haven Training and Meeting Center wasn't as grand as she thought. This was strange because she was smart back on earth, but this new place with preposterous new skills made her feel far behind. And that made her remember a teacher she had from long ago.

Ms. Preacher taught history in Christine's 12th grade social studies class. Christine was not really interested in this kind of subject. She was so not intrigued, she often fell asleep during class, if she wasn't drawing in her notebook. She usually kept it a secret but one time, during the end of the school year, Ms. Preacher caught her sleeping like a baby.

"Ah-Ha!" She exclaimed as she speedwalked to her desk.

"CHRISTINE WITS!" She yelled so loudly the class jumped to look at her, "If you spent just a little more time listening you would have known what happened in the American Revolution!"

"Um…" Christine said woozy "They… ated.. burgers and.. fought wars… and.. stuff?"

Ma. Preacher laughed like mad and fell to the floor. “BWAHAHA!!! No wonder you have a D in this class! The class oohed at her since she never gets below a B in any class.

It was the most embarrassing moment of her life. Now she was laying at her bed in her dorm, thinking about those older days of suitable work, youth,  friendships and cafeteria pizza that tasted like soap (which was just as bad as the food at Witch-Haven) and wishing she could go back.

All in all, that was pretty much life in her days at The Witch-Haven Training and Meeting Center. And thanks to that total lack of intelligence, she ensured that she had next to no friends. And on top of that, it took her twenty-something years longer than most people. They only did ten. After all of the perilous hours of work, she finally got the ability to start her quest for real and to begin her first adventure.

# Chapter 5

## The Mission

Kids today might think that school is the worst thing that has ever come into existence. They believe that they should just stay at home to play video games and to doomscroll on popular media websites 24 hours a day. That wasn't really true for Christine all the way up until now. School was boring, but it never interfered with her life. But right now, that couldn't be any more true.

After years of hard work, she finally got in. It was already August 2025, over 20 years since she started, and she started regretting going into this training and wanted to quit right away. But she realized she was the wisest of all of the witches and wizards (since she spent those 10 years doing additional training) so she went with it, for now.

After Christine received her diploma at graduation, a few days later on Friday, she got the following message on her iphone:

REPORT TO BOB, THE LEADER, AT ROOM 101, TO BEGIN YOUR FIRST MISSION.

This was what she was waiting for from the start, even if training was unbearable for the most part. So, she ate a sandwich, swirled her hair, put on a purple dress uniform she bought, put on a gold crucifix necklace from her square desk, and there she went, stumbling herself to the meeting room while trying not to get distracted by the other rooms they were in the facility, like the “Office and Worker room” where all the workers, generals, witches, and wizards socialized and had their own little space to work, and a “sciency room” which was filled with all sorts of cool inventions, led by a scientist by Professor Congivance. That was interesting.

Here’s the thing about the leader named Bob (half man, half goblin). He was most impressed by Christine's growth. He had never seen someone who had worked from the bottom and gone all the way to the top, even if she did spend longer in training.

He thought the other jobs out there were way too easy. There was one mission that needed itching. A much bigger itch. So, he decided to give Christine that job, a much bigger job than all the others.

When all the workers arrived, he immediately sent some of them to fight off evil. Then he told Christine to come to his office in private and told her the mission.

"Now, this is important," Bob quietly and slowly told her his plan.

He told her that there was an old man named Dr. Kaboom. He’s known around these parts for stealing from convenience stores and plotting revenge against anyone who upsets him. He also rules a small town called Ninimus.

"I saw a plain red stick of dynamite last week, in my telescope, in the middle of this town. I think it's bigger than the size of a school bus," Bob told Christine, shaking. "I need you to go over there and see what's up."

Christine was very excited, and a little worried, but mostly excited.

"I'll do it," she quickly said.

And she set—

"Wait!" he shouted. "I don't think you should do this all on your own. It's pretty big!"

"I'm pretty sure I can do this right," Christine begged to differ.

He assured her that it was best to have an assistant, as they could help her if she got into any trouble. Before Christine could say anything, he introduced her to one of the workers who had been working in the force for over 30 years.

His nickname? Mr. Pencil. Not the real one. And yes, his outfit looked like America's favorite writing utensil. He is a human, but he has a pencil outfit. He looked silly. Too silly to be in this force. Christine thought the guy looked familiar.

That’s because Christine once had an older brother named Mike. He wasn't interested in Christine at all at birth. He was kind of mean to her. But he disappeared while the Wits were celebrating Christine's 4th birthday, and no one knows what happened to him.

Her parents never told Christine anything, but they never denied it either.

“*This man looks pretty familiar,*” Christine thought. Could he be her long-lost brother?

No. She knew that there were a bajillion people in this universe, and there was no way that this guy was her brother.

Getting back on track here, Bob knew this was her guy.

"The way he got to this point was a bit odd, but he sure is good!" Bob said, slightly sweating and grabbing Mr. Pencil’s back.

"I don’t think Pencil guy here will be of any use in my adventure," Christine assured.

"Come on, give it a try!" said Mr. Pencil.

"I'll be honest," Bob grabbed Christine's shoulder and whispered, "This recruit wizard hasn't at all been helpful. He consistently fails in his missions and doodles with his sharp pointy, top part on his costume. One time, he used his pencil top to make a circus instead of defeating a giant dog.

Perhaps he was trying to entertain the dog, but that wasn't the least helpful."

"Honestly, he’s on the verge of being fired and sent back to where he came from. I'd like for you to teach him a few things before that happens, or he gets demoted to broomstick cleaning duties."

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed Mr. Pencil. "Pretty *please* with a cherry and ice cream, and frosting, and those little plastic rings..."

"OK OK!" Christine yelped in annoyance. "But only just this once. OK?"

"Yay!!" Mr. Pencil said.

"I'm proud of you, Christine."

"Sure you are, Bob.” chuckled Christine, slightly smiling.

# Chapter 6

## Meet the Mayor

Meanwhile, in the lands of Ninimus, Dr. Kaboom was the ruler of the city. Mayor by day, aspiring villain at night. He had some yellow spiky hair and red spiky-like clothes. And some glasses, so you know he was some kind of typical, geeky scientist. Yes, he had a real name, but I'll keep that secret for now.

The streets of Ninimus smelled like cigarettes because there was a hybrid nuclear/garbage plant in the city, and black clouds and smoke filled the air. But the citizens of the town were even worse. The people of this town were always mean to each other. They lied, cheated, and, worst of all, they punished people who did good. Like asking nicely for something instead of making a big scene. Dr. Kaboom enforced those strict laws on the citizens, didn’t care about the environment, and the police officers were forced to punish them in these ways. It was a mostly rotten place to live, but some of the townspeople didn’t seem to mind. But even that wasn’t enough. He wanted to punish them for reasons that will later be explained.

But anyway, two days prior, Dr. Kaboom had hired some servants named Happi, Meh, and Trestle. They were from another planet, but that’s not too important. Kaboom was paying them to help him with any evil schemes he thought of.

He tried to be nice to his servants for the past few days, but they'd always bicker, and he almost always had to be really mean to them to do what he wanted.

That day, he told his servants of his plan for the little town in the town hall with a radio playing a soft piano version of: "Everybody Wants To Rule The World".

"My plan is simple." He explained, "I hate taking care of this sickening town. They're all too mean and too ... well ... BAD. So, I have made some people of the city carry a large stick of dynamite to the center of town.

"But it kind of looks like a rocket, leader," Meh claimed. He's the logical one.

"Well, yeah, that's the point." "It's supposed to look like that to fool the others ..."

"Then ..." he continued, "Later tonight, the dynamite will set off and blow up the whole city. Then I'll be able to start all over and control at least what was left of it."

This was very disrespectful, and some people didn't deserve it. He didn't know that the reason this was happening was mainly due to himself. He made many evil and rotten rules. So if he was mad about the people and their not-so-good ways, he only had himself to blame.

"I think that's a great idea." Happi agreed. He always agrees to everything.

"Me too." Meh agreed too: "These people need a lesson Taught."

"Good," Dr. Kaboom moved forward, "Now let's ..."

Trestle interrupted, "Oh ... I hate that idea." Trestle opposed, sobbing. He is such a crybaby.

Happi and Meh disagreed with “Mr. Crybaby's” opinion. Then they got into a big argument about Dr. Kaboom's idea. They started to disagree with each other. It got so bad that they began to regret ever being friends.

"I never even liked you anyway!" said Happi.

"You always steal my lunch!" sobbed Trestle.

"Stop it, you two!" Meh barked.

This went on for two minutes. Then the leader decided that enough was enough.

"Uhh ... excuse me... " Dr. Kaboom spoke softly.

"Hello," he spoke firmer. They didn’t stop. So then, he snapped in half.

"*AAAHHHHHHHHHHH !!!"* He screamed like a cartoon character.

That got their attention.

"Enough!" he shouted. "That's the last straw, I've had it with you, you're all fired! And if you're not out of here in ten seconds, I'll give you the death penalty!"

They were all mad at each other, especially Meh. But they knew the death penalty was serious stuff. So, they got out of the building, entered their alien-like spaceship, and flew away, very sluggishly.

"*Good riddance.*" Dr. Kaboom thought. "*What naughty nougats, I mean, who would want to read a book about me and these guys?"*

Even though he was glad that those guys were gone, he knew that to do things his way, he was gonna have to take care of business himself. And so he began to devise the rest of his first, little evil plan.

# Chapter 7

## Teaching a Rookie

Christine and Mr. Pencil were on the track to the city of Ninimus on foot. It was pretty fine outside. The skies were clear, the birds chirped, and the ground wasn’t too wet. But the journey was long, like 20 miles long. It was going to take all day, with no stopping.

"Can't we use the mechanical thingie you have in your bag?" questioned Mr. Pencil while walking.

"Number one, it's called a broomstick," Christine remarked, the first part she told sassily, "And number two, I need to save the battery just in case."

"Just in case??" he mumbled, "From what, exploding?? This woman is a real piece of work." He was a little angry, and he couldn’t keep his words to himself.

As they walked through the green grass and trees Christine tried to teach Mr. Pencil what she had learned in training.

"OK," she said as she swirled her hair and grabbed a wand from her pocket, "First, I'll show you how to levitate things."

"That sounds easy enough!" Mr. Pencil said confidently. He snatched her wand out of her hand.

He pointed it at a golden tulip, waved it randomly, shouted "Deadlis Petrol!!" and shot the tulip into dust.

*BUUUZZURK!!!!!*

*Sssssssss……*

A bird was watching the tulip that got lasered. She got shocked and flew away from the grass field. Mr. Pencil stared at the bird flying away, then looked back to Christine.

Christine stared at him too and spoke harshly, “Dude, that's the spell to kill someone.” ”Give me that!”

“Aw, man.” Mr. Pencil sighed. “I thought I had it.”

Christine tried to teach Mr. Pencil other spells that weren't levitation, like laser shooting, but he either got distracted or completely messed things up.

“This is why I don't do group missions,” she snarled under her breath.

“Sorry!” said Mr. Pencil, distracted by an emerald green frog with grey spots.

This reminded her of Ms. Preacher, her 12th grade social studies teacher again, but this time it was like she was her. She had to tell Mr. Pencil everything he did wrong and he was acting just like her. But later, she found something he was good at.

As they were nearing the homestretch, they reached a large river that was filled with purplish blue fish with thick spiky scales, poisonous, sharp teeth. Real sharp. Enough to kill someone. They couldn’t go across it because they didn't have a boat. They couldn’t go around it because it was way too thick.

I know you're thinking, why couldn't she use her wand? Well, guess what? It was completely out of battery after all of that teaching, and they needed to wait a while for it to recharge.

“Great, now what are we gonna do?” Christine asked.

“*Hmm…*” Mr pencil thought. He looked at the top of his hat, then he said. “I got it!”

Using the sharp and pointy top of his hat, he drew a giant wooden bridge they could walk across. It took a good fifty seconds. By the time he was done making it, Christine was impressed.

“Why didn't you tell me you could do that before?”

“You were so busy teaching me that I thought you wouldn't care.” Mr. Pencil claimed, frowning. “ Besides, Bob told you that earlier.”

“Oh yeah,” Christine said. Then she apologized.

“It's ok… I guess.”Mr. Pencil forgave,” Now let's go get that evil guy before it's too late!”

Despite his lack of knowledge of magic, maybe this weird doodle guy wouldn't be such a waste of time after all. At least this once.

They had traveled for 16 miles, and it took all day, but they were almost there. It was late midafternoon since they had been traveling since that morning. Christine remembered that she had a portable charger in her backpack all along so she took it out and put her wand and broomstick to charge.
That meant that Mr. Pencil's contribution to drawing a bridge to cross the river was worthless. But she didn’t say anything.

"Let's rest for say.... 30 minutes," recommended Christine, wiping sweat from her head.

"Good idea." agreed the Pencil.

They bet the giant dynamite in Ninimus wouldn't do anything unusual until midnight. They bet wrong.

# Chapter 8

## Too late to Nap

The treacherous duo was sleeping for a little while, but Christine forgot to set an alarm to wake them up after 30 minutes. Luckily, her iphone started ringing at the 15-minute mark.

*RRRRIIIIIIIINNNNNGGGGG!!!*

The ring immediately woke her up. She realized it was dark out. Uh-oh. Luckily, it was 8:00 p.m. She picked up her phone, and there was a message that woke her completely up:

UPDATE:

Dynomite is starting to shake. It's likely to blow up. And it may blow up within the next hour – Maybe less. GET THERE SOON.

"What's going on, Christine?"

"Shoot." She snarled.

She showed him the message.

"What the?!" Mr. Pencil was shocked, too. "We still have 4 miles left! And by the time we get there, it will be Chapter 10 or something!!" He cried. Huh, "what am I saying?!"—

"We won't be," Christine said as she took out the plug of her fully charged broomstick. Then she quickly hopped onto it.

"Hop on." Christine pointed to the end of the stick.

"I don't think I can fit, Christine." said Mr. Pencil.

"Sure, you can," Christine said. "It's built for up to two. The guy at the store checked."

"Umm... ok." Mr. Pencil was nervous.

So Mr. Pencil got on the rear end of the stick gradually, and held on tightly.

Mr. Pencil asked, "Uhh… Are you sure about—*GAAAAHHHH!*" They quickly took off to the sky.

And soon they zoomed across the stars and the lights. As you could imagine, Mr. Pencil was screaming all whole way due to the velocity of the broomstick.

"AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" He yelled. "HEEEEEEELLLLPPPP!!!"

“Stop over-exaggerating.” snarled Christine.

They were both blinded by these lights, but they soon saw the lights of the town. They quickly went to the ground and ran into the city guarded by a large gate, but the entrance was wide open.

They got there just in time.

# Chapter 9

## The Big Escape

Dr. Kaboom was waiting at the top of the main tower of Ninimus, making the final preparations for his plan. He was flipping switches, adjusting knobs, and humming a song that he made up. He was about to make the tower into a cool spaceship to blast off, away from the explosion.

"Operation... um... I-don't-know-because-I-didn't-name-it at-all, is almost complete," he whispered to himself, giggling a little. "All I need to do now is to press this button." He leaned over his control panel to press it.

But just as his finger hovered above the last switch...

*CRASH!*

The door flew open.

"Don't even think about it!" shouted Christine, entering the room with Mr. Pencil right behind her, breathing heavily from all the stairs they climbed. Dr. Kaboom froze. His spiky yellow hair almost shook from shock.

"You Naughty Nougats! I mean... how did you find me?"

"My boss told me about you." Christine said while showing him a picture of the bomb on her phone.

"Uh, yes, that umm..." he confirmed, shaking a little.

Mr. Pencil pointed dramatically. "We know about the dynamite! And we're going to take you downtown! Hopefully."

Christine was about to bump Mr. Pencil on the shoulder when Dr. Kaboom smirked and said, "Well... hmm... You're too late. I have a plan for situations like this." He giggled louder, "This book is just beginning."

He pressed another button on the console. The whole tower shook. A mechanical whirr sounded below the tower. Something was rising.

"What is he doing?!" Mr. Pencil yelped, panicking. "What is he doing?!"

Outside, the giant stick of dynamite began to rumble, and out of it on top, appeared a small cockpit. It was connected by a long, weak tube. And the main part was shaped like a rounded square.

"BEHOLD!" Dr. Kaboom shouted as he jumped out the window, but landed smoothly inside the cockpit. "MY ROUND-BOMB-SHAPED ESCAPE POD… THINGY! I will ride this round thingy into the sky... and then DROP the thingy when the beeping begins! That way you... umm... won't be able to stop me with the thingy. Yeah."

The dynamite lifted off the ground, hovering as Kaboom messed with the controls. It started doing slow circles in the air.

Mr. Pencil claimed, "He's just circling like a flying saucer!"

Christine pulled out her wand. "We'll stop him. He can't drop that thing if he doesn't know where to aim."

"Good point," said Mr. Pencil.

Dr. Kaboom yelled from above in his megaphone, "You can't stop me! My plan is flawless. In a few minutes, the beep will begin... and KA-B*OOOOM*!"

But Christine got an idea, and she was going to need some help.

# Chapter 10

## Some Help

"I got an idea," Christine said.

"Really?" questioned Mr. Pencil. "Is it any good?"

"Yeah, but we will need to work fast."

She tells Mr. Pencil her plan, stating every last detail.

"Oh, that is a good plan."

She called Bob and asked him to bring 8 generals and tell them to meet her in the sky.

Five minutes later, Mr. Pencil drew himself a wand. Then they were on the broomstick, flying through the night sky. Christine steered carefully, flying in a wide circle around the giant floating dynamite and its cockpit.

Dr. Kaboom noticed. "HAH! Trying to trap me?" Dr. Kaboom barked at them in his megaphone. "I go where people will never expect!" He got cocky and started to steer away from Ninimus.

"See, I'm going in the opposite direction from you!" he yelled. "HAH!" "What are you going to do now?"

Then suddenly, the 8 generals from earlier started whooshing up from above and began to go in circles around the dynamite.

**"REALLY?"** Dr. Kaboom laughed, "That's your genius plan? Going around in circles?" "That's not even the slightest of an attempt!"

Then they all raised their wands, and then started squirting out fire from them. The fire was so hot that it could burn a thousand dogs in seconds. It was so hot it made the bomb start ticking faster.

"Hehehe, nice light show!" Kaboom hollered

Dr. Kaboom giggled while this was happening, but then he noticed something strange when he looked down at the timer.

**Detonation in:**
**0:40**
**0:38**
**0:36**

"Wait, What?" Dr Kaboom yelled, " It's going faster! This wasn't the plan at all!"

Dr. Kaboom tried to steer back to Ninimus, but it was too late. The timer was going at a speedy rate.

"UH *OH*!!" He yelled again. Dr. Kaboom knew he had to get out of there.

He pulled an emergency escape lever and jumped out. He dropped his megaphone as well.

Christine grabbed the megaphone and yelled into it: "Everyone take cover!" All the generals and Christine summoned invisible shields Except for Mr. Pencil who was with Christine in her shield.

And so….

# KAAABOOOOOOOOM!!!

The explosion went off like fireworks, but luckily it was far enough away from Ninimus, so nobody got hurt. The people cheered. Boldly. “Horray!” They cried.

“Mommy,” A little goblin girl asked from her home, Staring down at Chrstine, in their balcony, in the city. She watched everything that happened. “ I thought you told me magic wasn’t real.”

“It isn’t!” claimed her mom reluctantly who was sitting on a chair inside the home “ You really must be having some hallucinations.”

Even though she herself was reading “Ashley’s Magical Adventures”, which is pretty much the Witch-Haven version of “Harry Potter” except Ashley was an actual real witch who had several adventures and had come years before Christine. But that’s a useless and redundant fact.

anyway, back on the ground, our heroes were very proud, especially Mr. Pencil. He waved as the generals quickly said goodbye and left back to the Witch-Haven center. Christine just rolled her eyes.

Meanwhile, Dr. Kaboom was still falling down all the way down to the ground.

*"AHHHHH!! I HATE THOSE NAUGHTY NOUGATS!!"*

He screamed as he fell into a very small lake with water that was freezing cold.

*Splash!*

That bird from earlier saw Dr. Kaboom's descent. She was very shocked. The bird flies away before he notices.

"Ohhhh…!!" He yelled, sitting in the small lake. He was so furious, he most certainly wanted revenge.

"*I will get those two*." He thought.

# Chapter 11

## Devilish Revenge

“Hey, Bub!” spoke a green goblin on a bench right next to the lake, which looked like a turd.” What's up!”

“I DON'T want to talk about it,” barked Dr. Kaboom, sitting in the lake from the last chapter.

“Ok, sorry–”

“I'm a failure as a bad person.” Dr. Kaboom finally spoke, “I couldn't even do one villain-like thing without some hero messing up.”

“Well…” the goblin asked, “I've been a villain in the past. Do you want to hear what I think?”

I really DON'T want to hear a plan from a retired villain! Barked, Dr. Kaboom,” But I'm running out of time before the cops catch me and I don't have another plan so… whatever.”

“Well,” He recommended,” Sometimes you've got to find your inner demon!”

“Ohh… that's nonsense!” Dr. Kaboom claimed harshly while getting out of the water, “You don't know anything about villainy.”

“No, really!” ”Let me do something…”

The goblin tried to grab his head, but Dr. Kaboom didn't budge.

“Get off of me, you slob!” He demanded.

Eventually, he was able to grab his hand tightly. Then he opened his head, not gruesomely, and no blood fell out.

He reached into his head and grabbed a red figure inside his head. He pulled it all out. It was a lot of red. He kept pulling and pulling it out until eventually, it was all out. And there was a giant devil in the mayor's head. Dr. Kaboom was screaming through it all.

“AHH!” He screamed,” What did you do?!”

The goblin told him to look behind. There, here was a fluffy red demon with razor-sharp claws and teeth. Dr. Kaboom was very shocked at the sight of the demon.

Ta-da! The goblin exclaimed.

“What the?!” Dr Kaboom was amazed.

“ME ANGRY!” The demon said.“MUST destroy… Nimbuses?”

“No No NO!” yelled Dr. Kaboom as he grabbed a smaller megaphone from its pack. “Destroy NINIMUS!”

“OH YEAH!” Said the demon. “MUST DESTROY NINIMUS!”

He immediately started running to the city of Ninimus.
“Whoa…” Dr. Kaboom was shocked. “You're an evil genius!”

“I knew you’d trust me,” the goblin said, giving a sly grin.

# Chapter 12

## Highway to Demon

Christine and Mr. Pencil were celebrating their victory in the middle of a fountain of Ninimus.

"Whew!" Mr. Pencil cheered while eating a sandwich he drew, "I think we did pretty well for a first attempt."

"Agreed," Christine agreed. "You're not as dumb as I thought."

"What did you say—"

GGGGGROOOWWLLLLL!

"What was that?" Christine asked.

"That's probably just thunder or... umm, an aftershock from all that magic," Mr. Pencil quickly explained. "I hope..."

"This town sure is weird," Christine thought.

THUMP THUMP THUMP!

"That doesn't sound like thunder," Christine said, immediately picking up her broomstick.

Something was coming in the distance. Something red.

ME ANGRY! ME WANT TO DESTROY! NINIMUS!

Mr. Pencil spat out part of his sandwich. "Is that a... giant red teddy bear?" he questioned.

"Yep, I think we have a new problem," Christine admitted.

The demon got closer and closer and closer until eventually—

"EVERYBODY RUN!" one of the citizens shouted. Everybody ran and screamed, "AHHHHHH!!!" And they all evacuated out of the town. But some very slowly; they needed to get all their stuff from their homes. But there was no time.

"I'LL GET YOU WITCH AND THE WEIRD POINTY TOP GUY!"

The demon exclaimed.

"Quick, we've got to get out of this village!" yelled Mr. Pencil. Then he slammed his sandwich on the ground.

Christine turned on her mechanical broomstick, but—

"Shoot!" shouted Christine. Christine's broomstick was out of battery from the dynamite they exploded, and it needed a long time to charge. She was sure the guy at the store said it would last for at least 4 chapters.

“What are you talking about?” asked Mr. Pencil.

“I have no idea.” said Christine, biting her tongue “I get tense and overreact quickly, I have to admit.”

Never mind that, Let's hide behind that giant tree over there until we think of a plan!" Mr. Pencil yelled.

"Good idea, Mr. Pencil!"

When the demon showed up, he started wrecking everything in the town—the cars, the buildings, and even those giant umbrellas that act like shade. It smashed the whole village. Some people got hurt, but they escaped before it got too far. They all ran away and hid outside the village.

Ninimus was in danger yet again.

Meanwhile, in another village, a young goblin was watching TV. How can this kid stay up until midnight? Well, it was Friday, and his parents were cool. He also got to watch horror movies and inappropriate news channels about battles and all of that stuff. Again, they were that cool.

"Hey, look Dad!" he exclaimed. "There's a movie about a demon who's absolutely crushing a whole village!"

Her mom gave a heavy sigh, rolled her eyes, and asked him to go to bed.

"Aww man..." he was disappointed.

Moving on, the goblin and Dr. Kaboom were watching the whole scene unfold at the lake. With his small drone, Dr. Kaboom had always packed.

"Things are going excellent!" he exclaimed.

"Told ya!" the goblin exclaimed, reading a newspaper that was on the floor.

"Hmm... wait a second, what is he doing?" Dr. Kaboom spoke sharply.

The demon was heading to his home, next to Ninimus.

"Oh no! No! N*OOOOO*!" he screamed. The demon smashed his whole home into a billion pieces. "My house... My evil lair... It's GONE!"

Dr. Kaboom went back to the goblin. "You're the WORST villain ever!"

"I should have mentioned the casualties," he said, still focused on his newspaper.

"What am I going to do NOW?!" Dr. Kaboom said furiously. His hair stood up spiky when he said that.

"Hey man, you asked for it so..."

Even though Dr. Kaboom was mad that this guy summoned the demon to destroy something important, he was more furious that his house was smashed to bits.

"OHHH... you naughty nougat, I'll deal with you later!" he barked.

He used his teleporter, which he also packed, to travel to the demon and tried to stop it from doing any more damage, but to no avail.

# Chapter 13

## Desperate Times Call for Shiny Crucifixes

"Looks like Kaboom turned into a devil," Christine said.

They were sitting under a giant tree, trying to think of a plan to kill the demon while the demon continued to smash things.

Christine thought they could use the tree to defeat the demon. But her wand was still charging.

"Maybe we can hit a rock at it and it will fall?" asked Mr. Pencil.

"You're not being very helpful." Christine admitted," That thing is not Goliath."

"Then what CAN we do then?" said Mr. Pencil, angrily, crossing his arms.

"I hate to admit it," Christine revealed, "but I'm out of ideas."

Christine then looked at the demon. As it was looking for our heroes, a small cross on it blinded his eyes. It was a big wooden church, with double doors, and it had a large, silver cross at the top of it.

AHHHHHHHH!! He screamed.

To rectify the pain and suffering he was clearly having, he quickly smashed and crunched the church into rubble. Then, it was in shambles on the ground. After that, he went back to looking for them.

Then, Christine got an idea: “I remember in training that one way to kill a demon is to use some kind of cross.

“Hmm…” She put her right hand to her chin and thought for a few seconds, “I remember now! Let's use a crucifix to turn that giant monster into dust.”

“That sounds good …but…” Mr. Pencil admitted, uncrossing his arms “Well… your cross looks too small.”

“No, not mine, a bigger one!” She exclaimed.

“I don't see any bigger crosses around here,” Mr pencil said, his thoughts to her, his thoughts, ”But I can draw one!”

“How big?” Christine asked.

“Really big. One that will be deadly.”

“I don't see any bigger crosses around here,” Mr pencil said, his thoughts to her, his thoughts, ”But I can draw one!”

He immediately began to draw the largest cross he could, sketching every line and mark. A few minutes later, it was finished.

“How does it look?” The artist master asked.

“It looks great. How did you learn how to draw so clean?”

“I liked to doodle in my training, I think I focused on it too much and didn't pay attention to my studies.”

“Oh…” Christine blankly sighed.

“We need to make this thing shine, though.”

“Well, unfortunately,” Mr. Pencil admitted,” I forgot my gold crayon at home, so I can't make it shine.”

“I don't think we need a gold crayon to make this work. Do you have any other shiny crayons or something?”

“I have this very shiny pink pastel crayon!” He cried as he pulled the crayon out from his pocket.

“And, why did you bring a pink crayon, Mr. Pencil? asked Christine.

“Umm… my younger sister had a box full of shiny crayons? And I kinda took one for myself.” Mr. Pencil explained.

“Hey, my brother had the same pink crayon.” Christine said and realized she was exhausted.

“Really?” said Mike, looking at her eyes.

“Whatever, let's just go bring this to the demon.” Christine yawned.

They went back into town and slowly crept into the town, trying to be as quiet as possible. Christine's wand was finally charged up, so she carried it.

As soon as they were there, she grabbed the megaphone from her bag from earlier and spoke into it: “Hello demon,”

“AHHHHAAAA!” The demon cried, “YOU TWO!”

“Yes…” Mr. Pencil said, ”And we got you a surprise!”

REALLY?

Uhh… Christine said. Mr. Pencil winked at her. Then she said, “Yep.”

The demon squinted. SUPPRISES? ME LOVE SURPRISES! I MEAN ME NOT A FAN OF BIG SURPRISES BUT…

Before he could say anything else, Christine grabbed the cross and pointed it at the demon. The demon started to yell, run around and evaporate.

“NOOOOO….TOO SHINY!!” It yelled.

Then he fell onto the ground, let out one last “AHHHHH!” until…

## *POOOOO*FFF!!

The demon was gone and was turned to dust.

“Did that do it?” Mr. Pencil asked.

“Yep.” said Christine.

“YYYEEE*AAHH*!!” The citizens cheered, getting out of their hiding spots. They cheered again. Even louder.

“Man!” exclaimed Mr. Pencil, “Didn't I do good or what?”

“Not bad, kid,” said Christine, “not bad at all. We just saved the town with art supplies.”

A few minutes later, back at the lake, Dr. Kaboom got caught by two random police officers that found him and was being read his rights. Christine's broomstick was charged again, so they went to the lake to check on him. It turned out he didn't turn into a demon.

“You are under arrest.” said the yellow haired police officer, putting him in handcuffs. The other black haired officer was just waiting, sitting in the front of their police car.

“Naughty Nougats!” cried Dr. Kaboom

“Why did you want to destroy the town in the first place?” Mr. Pencil asked when she got there.

It turned out that the people of Ninimus were only being mean to him, and he wanted revenge for that.

“Why couldn't you have had a town meeting and explained your feelings to everybody?” Asked Christine.

“Ohhh…” Dr. Pencil sighs, “Why didn't I think of that?” He was sent to prison for his trial and sentencing.

Christine would later ask the citizens why they were being mean to their mayor, but they quickly said that was just a phase. Now that Dr Kaboom was getting what he deserved, they would never be mean to him again. But Christine had a feeling that they would be back there again to tie things up.

# Chapter 14

## In The End

The town of Ninimus was peaceful again. The grass was green, the people were fine, and that bird was no longer as terrified of life as she once was. Sure, it was going to take a long time to rebuild it all, but they all separated into other villages until that happened.

Bob, Christine, and Mr. Pencil were sitting at a desk back at the office. They were talking about their mission.

The bird from earlier was watching out the window, wearing a very protective helmet, and looked very paranoid. No one seemed to notice her, though.

“So,” said Bob, “Did you like your first mission, busting a madman and stopping a demon?”

“I did,” said Christine. ”But it was kind of mostly Mr. Pencil who helped me.”

“Thanks,” said Mr Pencil. “And me too!” he exclaimed. “It was fun using my pencil to draw stuff.” ”But I used up my crayon coloring that cross.”

“You already used up your sister's crayon?” Christine rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, and I kinda borrowed it without asking.”

“Wait, you've had that since you were a kid?” asked Chistine.

“Uhh… yeah.” He replied.

“Anyway, Christine, you certainly did the best you could.” Bob said brightly,” And.. I guess you did good as well, Mr. Pencil. You’ll… learn.”

“Yeah,” Christine said, Maybe this witch thing isn't a complete waste of energy and time, but next time, I’ll charge all of my things in the next mission.”

“Oh, you won't need to worry about that anymore,” stated Bob. ”I noticed you having some problems during chapters 7 to 13, and you won't be needing these anymore.”

What are you talking about? Asked Christine

Bob froze. “Umm, nothing, just let me show you something.”

Bob grabbed Christine's broomstick and wand, then tossed them into the garbage, filled with wrappers.

“What was that for?!” Asked Christine in a fury.

Then he showed them to his closet and got out two real magic broomsticks and wands. Christine changed her tune

and was glad about her new gear, no more charging every chapter or so! Mr. Pencil was excited, too.

“They work the same as your old broomstick and wand.” explained Bob.

“Let's save that for another day,” said Christine.

“Good idea,” Bob and Mr. Pencil agreed.

They soon all went back home and rested for the weekend, dreaming dreamy dreams.

Their first mission may be over…

…but their journey was just beginning.

# Chapter 15

## Epilogue Chapter

“Can I try that spell thing again?” asked Mr. Pencil, still in Bob’s office with Bob himself getting ready to leave.

”Ok, but do it right this time.” Said Christine, as Mr. Pencil got out his wand.

“Ok, I will.” He promised.

He stood up on the chair he was sitting on.
“Boop-she-Boo!!!" he shouted as he pointed the wand at a plant. The spell made the plant act a little silly and dance in its pot.

The bird was so scared of them both that she stopped looking inside and flew away.

“TWEEEEEEEEEEEET!” she screamed.

Her helmet fell when she was fleeing, and so she went back to the ground to pick it up. Then she flew away again. She was still screaming, though.

“Dude, that's not even a real spell,” Christine said.

“Hehehe!” Mr Pencil giggled, smirking.

Christine sighed, “I just hope your new powers with this wand and broom don't affect the quality of our missions,” she stated as she got up from her chair. ”You're hard enough to deal with as it is.”

“They won't,” said Mr. Pencil, facing back toward Christine, dusting himself off, and climbing down from his chair. But then again,” He pointed right at her, ”No promises!”

Christine sighed again, got her backpack with her new broomstick and wand, and went to leave Bob’s office. Pretty soon, more action, chaos, and misadventure would unfold.

And Christine knew it.

THE END... for now

# Short Facts for Benjamin Giraud's First Story

1. Considering this is Benjamin Giraud's first novelette, and had almost no prior writing experience, had to make sure that everything worked out smoothly. The development of it started in February 2025, but he didn't start writing it until the summer. This was because first, he worked the story out in his mind then he wrote it down. But even once he finished making the first draft, it looked pretty short. So, over several months, several edits to the original draft have been made. This took a lot of time, even if it is short.

2. Continuing from the first fact; apparently the editing process was so slow, that once it was initially released onto YouTube, they were still edits being made. After these edits were finally done with, Ben realized that unfortunately, you can't rush a good story.

3. Christine's personality is like the author in a way because they both share genes of independence and stubbornness. Some of their life experiences are similar too.

4. Mr. Pencil is goofy like typical cartoon characters. He shares a dark contrast with Christine because she wants to be alone and Mr. pencil wants to be silly. But she gets paired with him and that's where their conflict starts.

5. Ninimus is a parody of Nineveh from the holy bible in the book of Jonah in the Old Testament. Nineveh was the planned name but it was changed to Ninimus quickly during first drafting.

6. Speaking of the holy bible, Goliath is also in it, in the book of Samuel 17 also in the Old Testament.

7. Despite what it looks like, this story was not at all based on Harry Potter. Christine: A Witches Tale was actually based on Captain Underpants and Warioware's Ashley. Ben didn't realize that until after the first draft was finished.

8. This story takes place in 2025, even if that year has passed already. This is to keep continuity for the later installments of the Christine Chronicles.

# About the author

Benjamin Giraud is a middle school student in Orlando, Florida. He conceived the concept for this book at the beginning of 2025. It would be about a witch, a villain, a wacky sidekick, and a mysterious ending. He made two comic book versions of this book earlier, but he realized that the book; would be a lot better as a chapter book, like his favorite book series, Captain Underpants.

This is the first installment in the series; however, whether the series continues or not is a mystery.

He lives with his family and dog in the location above.